

# ANGER.

WRITTEN BY :

**AM.K**

Liberty...  
For those who dare to reveal themselves,  
Their guns, their screams  
As their will  
To the world.  
Liberty...  
For those who defend themselves  
Live for anything  
And die for few things...  
Liberty...  
For everyone, is...for no one,  
So when the sun dies,  
I will make sure  
That Liberty  
Is for me.

I do not doubt your suffering,

I doubt your courage.

I do not doubt your sadness,

I doubt your intelligence.

I Am All I Fear.

**Note:**

This is a fictional story where the main character tells about random events

Related to intellectual experiences within his head.

Any resemblance to real persons,  
Living or dead, is purely coincidental.

# **C**hapter 1: The first Anger,

A paper on human relationships.

# Friendship.

---

“One...

Two...

Three!

The last one's mother is a fucking whore!”

A very serious struggle emerges from that declaration of war. I find myself within a very competitive context where I 'am condemned to failure. My two male-as dearest- friends beside me, running their guts out, screaming, laughing, and-by a biological necessity-winning the already declared challenge. Now even when nature is against me, I have no choice but resisting...now -in a philosophical meditative mood- I do think:

When you feel that you're no longer good to this world, and this world is no longer good for you...What do you do?

Well,

I don't know about you...

But I 'am no quitter.

The exciting temper continues rising up, we maneuvered people as if they were balls, dribbling them around, trying to make our road to the train, since we've been already late. I had three suitcases that –luckily- were **unequally** divided on the three of us...so the situation was manageable.

I can't help but generating that childish happiness when remembering the laughter we shared at the end of that course, especially with me not being the last one of course.

Friendship is the most sacred forms of relationships ever, since it achieves a certain equilibrium within your life, leaving you with a great amount of freedom and inner peace. I met a lot of great people in my life...each has a special goodness which makes him a person worthy of sharing something...females and males.

But true friendship is rooted as following:

Being just a bunch of assholes, throwing jokes around and playing dumb games, but most importantly...standing up for each other in the hardest times. This is ultimate key for reel connections...it's based on deep compassion and unconditional caring towards the other. And thus, such things are rare these days.

Since I refuse stagnancy, I run everywhere.

Some races are more exhilarating than others...for the history, I can mention three:

### THE TRAMWAY RUN, JANUARY THE 6<sup>th</sup>

After having a decent dinner, which had been planned hours before, we decided to take a night walk to help with the digestion of that meal. The meal that we had to wait an entire hour inside the restaurant to consume. The patience was evident, since we passed that time listening to “Oum Keltoum’s music” that was overflowing the place. It was like a fucking decade...however it was worth the wait.

The night was softly dark, and the wind was stable enough to make the street lights sparkle as a whole universes fighting for expansion. My two beloved friends and I, had to run inside the tramway passage to follow up our mates. So...I – as a beautiful elegant lady with a red scarf around her neck- was running as a dumbass in the middle of the night.

But at this exact time, I felt like reality was very lucid, and we were running just like that scene inside the museum from the movie “the dreamers”.

But of course, that wasn't the case. We probably looked like drunk youths, even though we weren't.

### THE STATION RUN, DECEMBER THE 4<sup>th</sup>

This began as a joke.

Growing up, wise, and intelligent men, alongside me, decided to be the first to visit the new station of bus, at a very rainy night. The decision was a revelation, everyone laughed until we found ourselves running as fools on the road within that station. A meaningless course in a rainy night that ended up by the following statements:

“Hey you!

Get the fuck out of here,

Go play somewhere else!”

The guards kept staring vigorously at us before speaking those words. For they truly couldn't understand what was going on. It took them some time to analyze the situation.

I couldn't blame them, People have been going crazy these days.

I have lost count of how many times I have walked or run under the rain this year.

It has become such a natural thing for me...



## THE BEACH RUN, MARCH 21<sup>st</sup>

Night again...It's a weird coincidence that my best runs are all happening at night. But maybe it makes a lot of sense, considering that most of the charm that exists, is mostly released at night. Since all those people with responsibilities - who have to wake up at 6 am to work or study - are asleep. And the world is only left with those who have nothing to lose. Or maybe those who don't care that much about the restrictions imposed by systematic social life. Those few free folks who resist the rationalization of human existence, and this can only release pure fun and beauty, as well as...disasters sometimes. But I'd like to be optimistic about it anyways. We run upon the golden sand sparkling under the moonlight towards an unforgettable view: A lot of stars shining in the sky of "Mehdia", the white lights of some few boats swallowed by the beach, and the green sign of SpongeBob SquarePants' house. Well, of course we considered taking a swim. And it's not the cold that prevented us from it, but the police. Apparently it's not allowed to swim at night around here. However, it felt so good...we felt... **delightfully alive.**

# The “the”.

---

This is what I am:

I am someone who drinks warm coffee in the morning: as a brilliant engineer, an elegant philosopher, a poet, a creative thinker...and a skilled artist.

And I am someone who drinks a cold glass of fresh milk at night: as a happy loving child, a funny dumbass, a rude courageous adolescent who fears no one...and as a woman.

I'm everything, a living contradiction that enjoys the wholeness of life. I can give everything when needed, and generate more incredible things after. I don't give a shit...I might be incomplete, but I gladly accept it.

I'm neither for nor against anything at all. I despise emotions as I despise reason. Or perhaps, I praise them both. People with no heart are equivalent to those with no mind.

I praise contradictions as well, since logic -at a certain point- seems to be an unnecessary complication of life.

I despise following a schedule and making long term plans. Each day is an adventure. And it should be conceived that way. It's a wide & a variable experimentation.

To live is to experience things.

But what I am is a question with no response.

I'm sure you know what I'm talking about...no matter who you are...

You must know how it feels...to have it inside you growing like a hurricane...

But,

What are you, really?

...

It matters to you more than it does to me anyway.

Hope you just know.

# Complications are simple.

---

Some people relate to people and things unconditionally, giving their hearts and souls with a gazed frightened look and inborn fear, praying it won't fade away. While others believe that attachment is destructive and that one shouldn't feel attached to anything or anyone, they constantly seek to absorb others to fulfill themselves and end up eventually all alone masturbating at night....

I pity both.

A man must have the courage to take the hardest decisions, face pain...and rally on it.

Think rationally, love rationally, and defend - as well as preserve - only the things that are worth defending, whether they are objects, concepts, or people.

Otherwise, in the best cases...he would be a trash for ideologies, if he isn't a proud funny cute and pathetic nihilist of course.

"Love thy self" is the basis. But we still need others to survive, no matter how exceptional the one can be. It's just a human feature by default. The intelligence consists in choosing wisely those few ones that will love and defend us, and that we'll defend back...evidently.

In the end, there is something bigger than all of us...and only a few can perceive it.

My anger this time is emerging from a fundamental paradox about life. I tried to create something that will make people feel more authentic to themselves, stronger... And happier.

**I loved seeing people happy from the bottom of my heart.** But it's just that I believe that this happiness should be aware and shaped according to a mental process based on one's true will, and not fictional desires imposed by common sense. I wanted a brave neo-individualism. But all I got is a couple of adolescents with a lost identity, disturbed sexual urges, and emotional traumas. I wanted to help, but I didn't know how. I was mad, because I could see, and I was madder, because I felt that I was alone in it...even if I'm not.

OCTOBER 26<sup>TH</sup>

Fes, 12 am. It's winter, but the sun is still burning everything and everyone. However my cold feelings cannot get warmer. I walk alone around the train station, I've always been neutral when it comes to Fes. It's a dead city for me. Holding so many possibilities without having the ability to expose them.

Destroyed by its own population and cursed by a language mutilated by time:

It remains consisting... **and so do I.**

I walked everywhere. Everywhere I could before going to my grandma's house, I spent the day lurking among the tiny streets of "LMDINA"... the smell of leather remembers me of my childhood. I spent most of my happy days as a kid around Fes, between the fields of mint in "LMERJA", and the "Riadat" of "LMDINA". I remember the man who gave me a lot of mint for free, when I was 8 years old. I remember how he pat on my head and smiled a warm smile I will never forget.

Hilariously enough, now I'm 22 years old, and when I do remember that kid from an isolated village near "Ouiouane"...and the orange flower he gave me very recently...I feel the same. I was delighted in both situations in the same way...even when the differences between the two are considerable.

Perhaps, time is just a bowl, filled with emotions and ideas that pop-up according to a "sampling with replacement".

After growing up, Fes becomes a place that absorbs my anger, and transform it into a deep rooted coldness inside my soul. I've been there a lot, and each time is a switch bottom for me. I always came for a reason.

And never for another.

# **C**hapter 2: The second Anger,

A paper on Death.

# May Live The Dead.

---

NOVEMBER THE 4TH

My Grandma died today.

I am pale, the wind is cold, cozy and grey.

There is no meaning in death. It is simple. For it is evident. Everyone is dying, everyday...we're in a continuous process of dying, we just wait till the compulsory stage, when we longer can ignore it, resist it, nor refuse it.

Unlike funerals, I loved my Grandma, she was...old. And like all elderly people, she was alone. Living in a sweet vintage apartment. All I do remember about her right now is the smell of coffee at the mornings. We liked to set alone in the balcony watching birds, and saying nothing. I loved that kind of peace when I was an adolescent. It helps me sharpen my intellect.

We didn't have much in common...but she was my grandma...she held me when I was a baby, and cried from joy for my birth...she ...was...a person who loved me...and I did love her back. Did I?

I cried my heart out at the end of the day. And the only thing I was thinking about within my head while doing so was: "I will truly miss that house and the smell of coffee we had at the mornings..."

My Grandma died today.

I am pale...the wind is cold...cozy and grey.

My Grandpa got cancer.

I'm weak, emotionally destroyed...but it doesn't matter.

My grandfather is an extraordinary man, whose love for me knows no bounds. He is a paragon of goodness, embodying nobility and tenderness in equal measure. His generosity and love for people are truly inspiring, and he strives to spread positivity and kindness in a fucked up society full of pathetic wicked assholes who are just cowards with no intrinsic value at all. Every embrace with him is a transcendental experience...

I'm just mad ...I guess.

## **Warning:**

If you don't like philosophy, skip this part.  
It's going to be extremely boring.

# Death, Life....and Knowledge.

---

The duality of death and life has been the driving force behind all human inquiries throughout history, and our various discourses (scientific, philosophical, religious, etc.) are merely reflections of their impact on the sum of ideas and facts that shape attempts to understand and answer profound questions about existence that are complex and enduring. There is no human article outside of this context.

Despite all the efforts of individuals to uncover the mystery and physical trickery that surround these two concepts, they have remained unable to formulate a solution beyond their own self-reflection. The history of ideas presents us with two options:

Either we choose life, either in the form of the rose-tinted existential meaning, or in the frivolity of gender values and self-realization, or in the naivety of Leibnizian optimism: rooting goodness in existence and souls – that do not become mere primitive displays of the first mind in an attempt to bounce back on itself.

Or we choose death. Here, the greatest misery in history and the most contempt for life are manifested, from the cynicism and mockery of **Diogenes** to the tears and resignation of **Cioran**.

However, we must choose both death and life together, as nothing is capable of denying the aesthetic dimension that pulsates in existence. And nothing has been able to uproot suffering and misery from the human scene in its entirety.

The individual's struggle is a struggle against "the whims of the gods," which is an utterly losing battle. The wisest thing that a sick man can do is to reconcile with death: to have the courage to face it as soon as it demands it, and to welcome it with the daring of the satirical being when he encounters it.

But how can be so sure about the validity of our intellectual and psychological few weapons?

We're just not.

But it's fine.



The history of human knowledge's elaboration is an intricate, cumulative, and evolutionary process. But we can illustrate it, as summarize it into two levels:

- **The simulation of "reality":** through the process of "encoding," which involves the accumulation of graphic symbols and expressive speeches, the physical knowledge is transformed into symbolic knowledge. This is done not only to create meaning for material things and natural components but also to "subdue" them as long as possession is contingent upon naming, and to convert mental knowledge (abstract ideas) into symbolic knowledge (such as representing the concept of nothingness with zero).
- **The logical and mental construction:** that is the process of connecting these symbols, studying them, and determining their nature and function in the article.  
We weave the field in which we exist and what we want to be, just as “ants weave their kingdom with excessive seriousness” -**Turgenev**.

Every logical structure is essentially based on a primal knowledge of its inevitability (axioms), such as agreeing that  $1+1=2$ , and then proving it by  $1+0=1$ . This essentially means taking a step back, until we stop at  $0+0=0$  for example, leading us to the retrospective inference of two things:

- ∞ **First**, the question of the beginning: Why wouldn't the sum of two zeros be anything other than zero? Here comes what can be described as a "self-evident" argument, considering it to be acceptable to the mind, which is lengthened by ambiguity and inadequacy, making it a vague concept surrounded by imaginative philosophical explanations and lacking accuracy. All we can say here is that something was a matter of intuition -**Husserl**. Therefore, logic, in turn, is nothing but an elevation of sensory experience.

The correctness of human discourse lies in its logical coherence, not in the correctness of its fundamental assumptions. We cannot make an absolute judgment about the "truthfulness" of one of the accepted intuitive beginnings. Our discussion of the nature of the initial situation is illegitimate because it is "situational." Perhaps this is what makes the question of the credibility of our multiple cognitive conclusions an elusive question that leaves our discourse paralyzed and static. The human article therefore finds no solution but to abandon the notion of "truth" and "correctness" within its framework that seeks understanding and control. Scientific facts are facts in this formative sense.

- ∞ **Secondly**, the question of the beginning of the beginning, which is an epistemological question of the dynamics of being, which leads us to the problem of the ultimate in contrast to "infinity", which goes beyond human understanding and perception of "reality" in Pascal's view. Our conception of the beginning of human knowledge is a conception of the beginning of human self-awareness, and through it the universe and all quantum metaphysics that go beyond sensory experience. This becomes a fertile field for scientific and philosophical speculation regarding causality in an attempt to establish "meaning" (similar to language).

The history of knowledge proves that we do not have the answers. The closer we get to understanding, the more we realize our inability to understand. We play the role determined for us by cosmic will {nature} similar to the ant's passion for building its kingdom... What the human race has produced has been driven by the need to survive, as nature pushes humans to be what they are in every passing era... It is indeed a haphazard art, but this does not prevent it from being an art. "Humans still have to find something to do while they are waiting for death."

# **C**hapter 3: The third Anger,

A paper on industry.

# Proud Slaves can **only** get Prouder.

---

Et pourtant j'ai bien aimé le vent froid qui m'embrasse chaque matin, j'ai détesté l'obligation de s'y poser devant...

In short, the industry is about the conceptualization of complicated systems of production that will generate profit. It uses humans and machines as inputs, to maintain and develop that system.

There are two kinds of people around that environment, those who convince themselves that they love their work because they're good at it, and those who admit their miserable destiny as a necessity to maintain their systematic typical existence as citizens. Meaning to work...looking forward to the week-ends.

But how a reasonable complete human being can enjoy waking up every day at 6 am by obligation, and spend the whole day in a factory till the evening. The terror of such life is unlimited, as implicit.

Obligation is my biggest concern. Everything I did till now, every choice I took, was in order to maintain-as preserve- my happiness. That is mainly based on my freedom, and other few people's happiness.

How can they just give it away, how does humanity did engage in this whole massacre of the soul?

Probably, there is no exception. But I 'am taking my chances... I always did.

Everything we're having today was created by men (human beings), whether physical or moral entities. This fact generates a constant malaise & fundamental as continuous skepticism within each individual who has the necessary courage to **think** and **act** as his righteous mind...pushes him to.

I do not imagine a possible life for a decent man without this capability. To deconstruct & analyze the given data. The one imposed by politics, economics and history.

Those who refuse the process, are condemned to functional slavery where they only operate within their cozy circles of sacred illusions and fictional worlds.

But I would gladly appreciate it if it were - at least - personal. And not implicitly indoctrinated by governmental policies, fanatic scripts, and the international economic system.

It seems to me that proud slaves, can only get prouder of their slavery.

Too blind to see their wasted possibilities...too engaged in the systematic rational thinking to generate a fucking number, or feeding an intimate illusion growing inside them like a tiger...they cannot see the curtains, nor behind them.

But everything is relative.

No pity.

Eventually, life is a choice, and it's yours...**hopefully**.

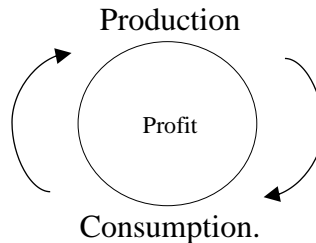
...

Now let's skip the bullshit, we're living in a world full of contradictions more than ever, the increasing rate of human condition's virtualization is creating an automated social behavior, in reality, mechanical interactions based on much specified roles: parents, co-workers, friends, etc. Everyone is living inside their bubble of illusions letting his life consumed in dry typical habits and rituals, without being capable of admiring the realness of a world he's faking on Instagram. But this is not the worst of it, is it?

For storytellers such ourselves, this hypocrisy would be anything new, actually, it has its benefits. The centralization of individuality is causing a great advancement on the technological side, the continuous competition between individuals and conglomerations makes this system more productive and fruitful (**Adam Smith's** famous shot)...But at what cost?

**“L’homme est toujours défendable.” – Éric Moretti**

We’re trapped within this system. Found ourselves with no alternatives nor options except following the circle:



Now when thinking of it, it makes a lot of sense why people did deliberately engage in this.

However,

The person is always defensible. Since he is subject to many restrictions that make his life, as self-awareness, harder to reach. Very often, the evidences seem to be contradictions.

Everyone deserves a defense or justification, regardless of their actions or statements.

In the end, he is only surviving each day to get to the next one. Without knowing why. A miserable entity driven by space and time to an unknown endpoint.

But this isn't sad at all.

For me,

**A man only starts living, when he knows exactly what he wants from life.**

It's a symphony, never stable nor consistent...personal by necessity, and constantly reshaped by history.

Freedom- along with ethics- is considered useful illusions within this context. Once you realize the relativity of everything, you realize the importance of the “everything” to generate happiness within the human situation.

.

.

But justice should be always glorified.

By God...Reason...or Blood.

Meaning that even when we cannot be sure of anything, we should have “reasonable” positions about most of things as humans...because it is what defines us: creating meaning out of the meaninglessness of the world. And “For those who stand for nothing, fall for anything.” As they say.

# Nothing Is Ever Linear.

---

while True:

6 am every morning: brush your teeth,

Wear your clothes,

Drink coffee

Grab your lunch

Get into the elevator...

Press "0" to get to the floor

Say "Hi" to the neighbor's dog

Run (because very often you're late)

Stop! Wait for the bus.

if user\_input == "quit":

break

return (0)

...

**I started absenting after two weeks.**

The first week was a nightmare, I was shocked by the fact that I should literally waste 79% of my day between serving a fucking company and sleeping (for an average of seven hours per day). Well I can tolerate the last one, but the first is non-supportable.

Especially when introducing the human factor. Dealing with machines and concepts is fine, but people are hell itself. However, I didn't care, since I don't care by default. I felt socially exhausted, so I was acting accordingly.

Kenitra feels like a lucid dream to me, a whole world of sensations condensed and shrank to a singularity. It is messy, but fluent. Dead, but existing. Regarding the fact that most of its population are actually workers, they feel like ghosts. Systemized robots, programmed to certain habits and routines. With absolutely no taste of living at all. And this is something you

can easily conclude from the way they wear their clothes, the way they walk, talk...and even those who claim elegancy, they seem to be clowns, with no authenticity at all.

It was like reading a book to me.

The conclusions were evident, and people were easily readable and accessible, they use typical methods as repetitive discourses...

But I did love the city though, I loved the cloudy weather at the morning, it injects that cold strength within me like magic...and the night was not less stupendous as well.

As ever, I used to walk around a lot, even with the tiny time I had, I could constantly generate beauty.

I walked a lot...I used to get lost around once arrived from work so I can discover the hidden possibilities of the place: "Malin Rayeb" as an illustrative example.

Kenitra was like a room within my head where I can explore my feelings and sharpest ideas.

A continuously moving space filled with sensual conflicts.

One night I was walking, I passed through a tunnel near the train station, then I noticed something written on the wall:

"إذا الشعب يوما أراد الحياة  
لا بد ان يستجيب القدر  
لا بد لليل ان ينجلي  
ولا بد للقيد ان ينكسر"

Translated as:

"If the people one day want to live,  
Destiny has to respond to that call.  
And the night has to fade away,  
And the ties have to get broken."

It brought me one of the greatest feelings ever...since It used to be one of my favorite poems in my adolescence.

As an adolescent, I consumed books and scripts like bread. I was in love with every existing ideology, every revolution I heard or read about, and every character in a novel I liked. There is some art in everything and everywhere, but it is never permanent nor absolute.

But Kenitra is a Goddamn weird place anyway.



I usually end up hating the places I used to love....will I hate you...as well?

I can only wonder...

The end.

I spoke enough,  
Your turn.